SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. No. 36 Carter's Alley, Below Third street—Opposite the Girard Bank. | PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1840. | TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE No. 998.

My Child.

BY REV. CATTON.

It is the tenpint hour,
The daylight tint is o'er,
And the last rays are departing
Of this cold and wintry sun.
It is the time when Friendship
Holds converse free and fast,
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knee,—
But my soul is faint and lonely
With a yearning sad and dreary
I sit me down and weep!
Where are ye, merry voices,
Whose clear and lord like tone,
Some time ere night should fall,
Did make unstrictness free?
Low anxious thou my own?
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which bid that bosom move?
Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
Which cheered the gloomiest Hours?
Through the dim light, slow declining,
Where my wistful glances fall,
I can see your pictures hanging,
Against the silent wall:—
There shines forth your dark eye darkness,
With their sweet and changeless eyes,
But mute are the voices of children!
No voice to cause replies.
Where are ye at playing
By the stranger's alien hearth;
Forgetting, in your gladness,
Your sad mother's mirth?
Are ye dancing? are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your light hearts seldom
With this mother think of me?
Round where, oh gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly cling to,
Have she not gone to her rest?
Who has taken you from mine?
Oh! here, the night deep
Such a heavy time hath grown,—
It crushes with weight unbearable
All I need to call my own,—
That the heaviest word that ever
Was spoken to me there,
Would be trivial—would be coldness
To the mood of my despair!
Yet no! despair shall sink not
While Life and Love remain,—
Though the weary struggle haunt me
And my prayer be made in vain;
Though at times my spirit faint me,
And the heart more deeply fail,
Though my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

Leaves from a Lawyer's Port-Folio.

MURDER SEVEN.

"Jailer, look to him—Tell not me of mercy."—Shylock.

The Victim.

I have just opened at a dark, tragical, almost forgotten leaf of my Port-Folio. How the faded ink appears! Even to my remembrance the incidents of that melancholy period. Years have passed since I witnessed them, and too many other successful events have since contributed to don their impression on my mind; but, to-day they have been recalled, in all their vividness, and the black array passed before me in gloomy procession.

I need not say that I tell only facts. There are those yet living who can bear witness to the truth of every line I write. The unexpected occurs in the tragedy now rising more fearful to their accompany, and I speak of them under fictitious names. Two lie in the same churchyard, under graves, the victims of the sacrifice; while the third, murderer as he was in the eye of his maker, passed unnoticed by the world, and has let in his priesty bed. Thank God!—there is another world where justice shall be meted out to the oppressor.

The beginning of the present century was a period of unexampled distress. Hundreds of persons, town and country, were ruined, and all concurred in the convulsions of the time, and too often died in abject beggary. The origin of most of these misfortunes may be traced to the wild and land speculations, the rage for which pervaded the whole community to such an extent that when the bubble burst, it involved half of our capitalists in ruin. Well did it combine the cause of that terrible period, when every day brought intelligence of some new bankruptcy, and we trembled to open the daily newspaper, lest in our eye should light upon the record of the ruin of another friend. The horrors of that epoch are graven with a pen of fire on my memory. If I should live forever I could not forget them.

In the whole circle of my acquaintance—and as a young man I had an extensive one—I visited no place with more pleasure than the hospitable abode of Charles Howard and his lovely bride.—Never had I seen a happier couple appointed to enjoy more unalloyed felicity. They were indeed wrapt up in each other, and seemed scarcely to live except when together. Heaven had given them little circle, such as their few confidential friends were admitted to, rises up now vividly before me after the lapse of so many years. What a contrasting pair. How deeply was impressed upon me his stern, air sing some old touching ballad in her exquisite voice—and how dotingly her husband would return her affectionate look, while it beam from her brow, and kissing it with holy tenderness. Sweet, happy couple!—how dreamily the few year of your wedded life glided away! That was also: the tempest was already lowering around you, which should cause its merciless pelting only with the gentle.

It was during the height of the land mania, and but little more than a month before the bubble burst, that I began to notice Howard, symptoms of a restless, uneasy mind. It was only in the presence of his wife that he appeared to enjoy his old cheerfulness. Yet even then, if she left the room an instant, he would relapse into a revery abstraction, or rousing himself with a sigh, would fall into unusual hilarity. Accustomed even then to read the hearts of those around him, I felt that all was not right. Little did I think, however, that his whole fortune was, during the momentous period, shaking in the balance.

I shall not easily forget the manner in which I discovered the danger. I had called upon the deeply involved in those speculations, and I often transacted business for him relating to them. On one of those occasions I found that Howard had an interest in the same venture as an alarming amount. The knowledge led to other inquiries, and how was I startled to discover the truth.

It is well known that several old speculators aroused large fortunes in those times, by purchasing tracts of land at a very reduced price, and after paying the value of their land-warrant by a system of infamous, though secret connivance with each other, and by offering heavy advance to take in the warrant, with a mutual understanding that they should never be accepted, disposing of a share or shares in their venture at a premium price. It is well known also, that scores become the victims of those gigantic frauds; and need I say that Howard was one of those the first fatally deceived. A hungry, hardened villain, grown gray in such schemes of plunder, taking advantage of my friend's sanguine disposition, inveigled him gradually into his net, until he had disposed of half of a vast tract of land as the foundation to him, at the small price of one hundred thousand dollars—a price which he confidently asserted one third alone of the money would produce in less than six months. At How. ard could not contend a fifth of this sum, his partner in the venture agreed to take a bond and warrant for the residue, and wait for the payment, until the land should be sold. The manie for such utopian speculations was so universal that I do not see how his sanguine disposition can be blamed. But even then, like a monstrous gambler, he kept the secret locked up in his bosom, although the excitement and excitement compared upon the vastness of the stake, was slowly undermining his constitution.

For awhile, however, all went fine. The land rose rapidly in value, and various debates offered were made by several of the gang; offers from which, however, they always had an excuse to escape if they should unexpectedly be taken up. But this dream of fortune was of short duration.—All at once the bubble burst. In one hour Howard was a ruined man.

Since I became aware of the danger of my friend, I had watched the progress of the delusion with an interest only surpassed by that of Howard. I knew his all was embarked in the venture, and I trembled for the result. Oh! the agony of that period—the fluctuations of hope and despair—and the awful desolation when, at last, the tempest beat upon us. But the detail of the heartrending drama can best be told in the words of poet,—for, as I penned them, fresh and vivid, day by day, amid the universal agony on every hand.

Saturday, April 10th, 180—, I called to see Howard, hearing that the great Susquehanna land company was bankrupt, and that he had gone to the Pine Groves, on a visit to Mr. R——, his late partner, and now a creditor to a vast amount. I saw his servant—she says he is almost distracted. Their little fortune is all gone, and she fears much more. Howard never told her of this last dreadful reverse until the second time. He was about to ride in betwixt curses on this city, and the most bitter reproaches on his partner. She spoke to me as if she had been a sister, the tears gushed forth at almost every word. Poor Mary! what a contrast to the happy house you have been used to enjoy.

Sunday, April 11th. Called again on Howard. He returned late last night. I never saw him look so gloomy—he is almost haggard. Every thing is gone, gone, gone completely away. His partner vitally refused to see him. What can this mean? Does the heavy villain intend to play him false? He has the bond and warrant for one hundred thousand dollars, but surely he cannot think of enforcing it against my poor friend. O! God like justice, will there not be a hell without, if he does. I know for a fact that the entire tract in question did not cost the speculators more than twenty thousand dollars, already sold the other moiety for cash at a vast profit. Howard has offered besides to surrender his whole estate. No answer has, as yet, been returned. I know not what to think. I look forward to the dreary future with fear and trembling. I did not dare, however, to hint my suspicions. Mary, like woman always in hours of distress, was doing all she could to comfort her almost phrenzied husband. Never shall I forget the agonized expression of countenance with which Howard drew her to his bosom, upbraiding himself for having ruined her to beggary.

Oh! what a scene.

Monday, April 12th. Howard is agonized beyond description. He has called upon the Governor of the State with his bond, to appoint commissioners to inquire, as matters of fraud, into the stroke might have fallen on some less sensitive bosom! But I cannot write—I will hasten to him in person. Oh! dreadful—dreadful—Afternoon. What a day of agony has this been! I hurried to the debtor's apartment in street this morning, in a state of feeling, I will not attempt to describe: but if my fears had so painted so melancholicly a picture, how terrible was the truth! With some difficulty I gained admittance to the door of my friend. It was a large, damp, gloomy apartment, without furniture of any kind whatever, but having a few coarse blankets spread upon the floor in one corner for a bed. The only seat was the one in the embrasure of the widow, and there, with his face buried in his hands, sat the unfortunate Howard. His lovely with leaned over him, her tears falling fast upon his face, but still endeavoring to speak in cheering voice the words of comfort, which were evidently lost upon the ear of her lord. Oh! what a sight. That the strong man should be subjected to such hardship was enough, but that I being so dedicated—so lately that she seemed scarcely fit for this world of care, should be found in such a place was more than I could bear. The tears swam in my eyes—and even the turnkey turned hastily aside, and time with a touch of kindness in his voice seemed to me like him, he announced me and withdrew. Howard sprang more unalloyed felicity. They were indeed wrapt up in each other, and seemed scarcely to live except when together. Heaven had given them little circle, such as their few confidential friends were admitted to, rises up now vividly before me after the lapse of so many years. What a contrasting pair. How deeply was impressed upon him his stern, air sing some old touching ballad in her exquisite voice—and how dotingly her husband would return her affectionate look, while it beam from her brow, and kissing it with holy tenderness. Sweet, happy couple!—how dreamily the few year of your wedded life glided away! That was also: the tempest was already lowering around you, which should cause its merciless pelting only with the gentle.

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"Thank you," at last said Howard, recovering himself with a strong effort, and speaking in that tone which I knew was meant to be cheerful—"thank you for coming to see us. Our heart was too full, and the burst came again into tears. I was deeply affected. Her husband, now the most collected of us all, drew her gently to his bosom and soothed her kindly. Another moment I could command my own sensations I said,

"You would have me say whether there is any hope—any thing that I can suggest to you and Mrs. Howard? and I answer certainly. It can not be long; for, apart from every thing else, the public will not suffer you to be ruined.

TEN GOOD.

Variety's the spice of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

The Fair Gentleman's Apology to the Short Lady.

I plotted for not—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For then all only four feet four high and I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you supposed that I could look on love
There's nature a one can be a knot who cannot fix a knot.

Besides, you must confess my love the largest scarcely fair
For never could we make a match, while we make a pair.
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here's the lot and one.

My trouble distant, if you are one, that I at least am four.

'Tis true the moralists have said that love has got wings,
But who would see all my sighs be heard for one sole love no sure?

And on our wedding day I'm sure I'd leave you in the lurch;
For you never was a simple dear, in the midst of church.

The usual for a wife to take her husband by the arm,
But your misfortune should I have a sort of land alarm.

That when I offered you my arm that happiness to long
Your inches offset, dear, would be to take me by the toe.

I declared that I were a giant because my sight's not great
But where I always calculating view, it might be a thousand-eleven.

And though I see a counter into—be all the gods! I how
My wife will be so took up to me through a three-inch's kiss.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one! I ask no parting kiss,
I know you break me back to gain so exquisite a miss.
Nor will I weep, but I would not so fain see a dimple,
The tears that fall from such a height would be a thunder-shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself in a saucer or a tub
For such will be a sore regret to me for Fortune.
And if you ever feel disposed to take me for your lord,
For who intend to eat less three a lot than I not a span.

Legislative Eloquence.

The following are gems in an actual speech made before the Tennessee Legislature, by a Representative from Knox:

Fellow Citizens—I didn't come here to make a speech at this time, but only just to extinguish myself as a candidate. Gentlemen, I am the floating candidate for the superfluous district, and I only want to make a few remarks at this time. A good many of you, gentlemen, has never seen me before, and I merely want to state my views upon the question to be explained. Gentlemen, I was born in the County of Sullivan, and finish up in Knox, without patronage, and if it hadn't a been for the goodness of God and several other gentlemen, who took me when an orphan boy at 12 years of age, and gin me an education, I might have been as ignorant as the common people, or you, gentlemen. Gentlemen, my father was a patriarch of the Revolution, and I am a patriot, too. Gentlemen, my father stained the white in America with his blood, and when Gen. Jackson killed the Indians at New Orleans, I would up to my knees in mud. Gentlemen, I was

[illegible] to Nullification. Gentlemen, I would be a gallipot slave, than for to be Nullifier. Gentlemen, I heard got time to give you my views and I will call upon you in a few days, but there is a set of Big Bugs, here who want to put me down, but gentlemen, I [illegible] Gentlemen, I have always been for independence, and glory. Gentlemen, I [illegible] be skivered out of the hands of the bull-whackers. Gentlemen, a clear case across the square, and take something, and we'll get better acquainted.

AS IRISH WAKE.—"Nate hand you are both, my darlint," said one broth[illegible] to another. "You know the leader was so [illegible] of stones, and after them on the head it us as ye go, sir." "It 'as and I'd carry yer own swads will up from de legs to de neck, an' down mit and your long spoil." "You couldn't do it, sir—I'd lay a guinea to a cockle." "Done the taggin on't can't see." "Well they that beside de [illegible] as the experiment may seem, it was successful, and Jerry once more landing the advent crown Pat on the pavement, said triumphantly—"The pint is proved, it's aqual to [illegible] Hasn't I won it?" "Ye have, sir," admitted Pat, reluctantly, lugging out his halfpence. "As I honored I'm bate. I'd rather now stopping than my wager, an' just as we were comin to the second story I was in great hope."

TRUE GREATNESS.—The less about the height of nobility, in the union of grandeur and repose, as we may learn from the statuary of the ancients. The same thing is true of the moral world as of the idea; though the name of the more noble may be richly known, it takes more than that to the peaceful fame. The great men of antiquity were more distinguished by character than by action—more by power than by war. We think more of Aristides's upright than of his battles, and of Cato's fraternal love than of his tentative action. Unanimously are remembered for their humanity and affection. Titus for his love to Berenice, Alexander for his affection towards his friends, and Socrates by Adoption for his piety.

THE STATE STREET.—In a village of Picardy, after a long illness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain, and so, according to the custom of that country, was wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge that the bustle parted the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Nine years after, she died in reality, and, as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out—"Not so near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbors."

TRUE SOLICITUDE.—"Come, Dick, will you take something?" said a kid glove to another. "I am sorry I cannot oblige you, but I am afraid of a grog shop." "No," was the reply, "mother's dead, and she always told me if I ever drank the fluid, she'd spoil my cast."

HORROR.—A person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to say—"A sunset," said the artist, "is a fine sight at sea-time, when so many hands are on deck."

AT SIGHT, THE beautiful Christopher Smith says that it is no wonder that women are so fond of the graceful and fair, dressed—as it is to imagine that love is so scarce.

A FRENCHMAN'S OPINION.—The Methodist Episcopal Church! Humph! very considerable [illegible] "If a man is so poor to pay for a house, how many dispositions is about to accept?"

HOUSEKEEPING.—"Our man says he will not stay in New Orleans with a [illegible] It was considered [illegible]

[illegible] Thomas coming to [illegible] that it was either many at church last Sunday." "Yes," said the Mr., "there was a considerable [illegible] among the girls."

RIDDLE.—The [illegible] of deputies in the [illegible] of [illegible] A gentleman, the other day, intending to be smart on some [illegible] lawyers, said there were "odd fellows" "Explain your [illegible]," retorted Pat. "We are Half Fellows."

DISAGREEABLE BEDMATE.—Two blooming young fellows, one day last week, got engaged in a sudden quarrel. The resulting bruise they found the rain had washed the color from their cheeks.

Cause and Effect.

"John, has the doctor arrived?"
"Yes, sir."
"Tires go immediately for the undertaker."

DISTRESSING.—An Enraged Lawyer," as the critical said when he pulled out half of a [illegible] with a tooth.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post
Riches.

In most civilized communities Riches seem to be some pal object sought after by the larger mass of the people, and the eagerness with which they pursue and grasp after them is astonishing; for no other object of desire and honesty so much so civilized, country and home left, health and strength wasted, family and domestic comforts neglected, near and dear ties broken, and private ties endured as for this one,—for this will men toil, labor, and contrive day and night, land and sea, time and space all are used as means for the accomplishment of what he so much desires to possess; and perhaps the principal reason, they so sought after with so much eagerness, is on account of the belief in the prevalent, but erroneous idea, that "to be rich, is to be happy."

That this notion is false and erroneous none who examine it, or spend even but little time in thought and observation, will fail to discover, for what can riches produce to make us happy? They may, indeed, supply all our animal desires, provide us with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, adorn, and surround us with gorgeous splendor, and procure almost every thing to please our eye or suit our taste; but can they ease a pain—cheer a fatal—[illegible] sorrow—relieve trouble—or soothe the pangs of a guilty conscience? ah no! these are far beyond the reach of riches; but do they not often, rather lead to strife, wretched life, and uncharitable cares and anxieties?

Riches in themselves, cannot make man happy, though they have power, when in abundance to [illegible] all fairs loved and cloud the most wretched and unhappy lives. Happiness does not depend alone, nor principally on our outward circumstances, but on our disposition; and that person who cultivates a contented disposition will enjoy more real happiness, than all the riches of this world can procure him, without it.

W. R. S.

Philadelphia.

A Country Scene to Laugh and

In these hot-tempered days, easily excited by a spider in Harper's Monthly Magazine:

At about ten yards distance from the Church, perched, insolently out from the midst of shabby elms, and surrounded evergreens, the little village tory. It was constructed of the same rough grey stone with churchyards. Long, low, with projecting eaves, and occasional wandering farmhouse large cast window of the church, still flaming with the reflecting splendor of the setting sun. The church was standing in front behind the grave-yard embowering the small dwelling, which, there fore, stood on the perfect quietness of his own shadow, the dark green masses of the surrounding foliage, the pebble and mud-road, scarcely ever stirring, but by their exquisite color, the pure white elements that clustered the lonely cottage. Roses and honeysuckles flushed on the gentle breath of evening, mingled with the perfume of migionette, and the long fingered marvels of Peru the soft shadings of twilight; and meanwhile sweet flowers blossoming in their beds of rich black mould, clear under the lattice windows. These were no dining rooms, but one cottage was still and solitary, and one opening down to the ground showed the interior of a very small parlor, plainly and modestly furnished, but possessed of a round table covered with hand book cases. A lady's harp stood in one corner, and in another two fine guitars and six scores. Some small flower baskets, three or four in number, were disposed of here and there, and at a time near the window sat a gentleman reading—our father reading over a writing desk with pen in his hand—and his daughter leaning forward toward the gravel-walk before the window, where a lady—an elegant looking woman, whose plain dress and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet matronly expression of her face and figure—was anxiously stretching out her encouraging hand to her little son, who was tottering, laughing and intently looking and feet on the soft gravel walk, her face fled, as they ravaged their feet in dependent steps on the smooth surface. The child, encouraged by the powerful encouragement, and undoubtedly pleasure, under the disproportionate weight of his fair fat person. It was a sweet, heart thrilling sound, the cooing laugh of that little creature, when with one last, bold mighty effort, was reached the maternal arm opened to receive him. The gaze of the mother was fixed with tenderness upon the child, and the father, with an expression of unspeakable love. As if provoked to sensitive kindness by the sight, a little dog, which had been lying at the door, rose with that strong muscular tone, black and, unbecoming on a full neighboring bay tree, pointed and fattened, and, a friend of his own race, he rolled the baby's laugh and for a moment, aroused an observant ear. But for a moment. The kindred nature went out and in. With its previously rested to his quiet, he toppled about, and, after her fashion, mocked the mother's caresses. The kind, redoubled her tenderness, and the father, with a smile of pleasure, closed the kind troubles, and both together raised such a tumult as to [illegible] that the author of the [illegible] of the [illegible] with her infant, was [illegible] of the [illegible] with her infant, was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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My Children.

BY MRS. NORTON.

It is the twilight hour.
The daylight toil is done,
And the last rays are departing
Of the cold and wintry sun.
It is the time when Friendship
Draws nearer to the fire,
And Memory, like a watchful goddess,
Lights up her holiest shrine.
Dance round the mother's knee,
But my soul is faint and heavy,
With a yearning and sad deep.
By the fireside lone and dreary
I sit me down and weep!
Where are ye, merry voices,
Whose clear and joyful tone,
Rose other ear now blesses,
Less sweet than my own?
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossoms sweet
Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
Which cheered the pleasant hours?
Through the dim light, slow declining,
Where my wistful glances fall,
I can see your pictures hanging,
Against the silent wall.—
There shine the sunshine,
With their sweet and changeless eyes,
But music nor joy, my children!
No voice is now there!
Where are ye? are ye playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth,
Forgetting, as rage pleasure,
Your kind and happy home?
Are ye dancing? are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your feet falter sadden
With the memory of me?
Round them, oh gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine,
Does slip of mine, my children,
Who has taken you from mine?
Oh! boys, the twilight hour,
Such a heavy thing of sorrow,
It seems such such deep anguish
As I need to call my own,—
That the harshest word that ever
Was spoken in anger or wrong,
Would be trivial—would be welcome
To fall upon my ear!
Yet no! Despair shall sink not
While Life and Love remain.—
Through the dreary struggle hereafter
And my prayer be made on you
Through all time, in vain!
And the better tear drops fall
Through you for heart and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

Leaves from a Lawyer's Port-Folio.

NUMBER SEVEN.

"Jester, look to him—Tell me not of mercy."—Shylock.

The Victim.

I have just opened at a dark, tragical, almost forgotten leaf of my Port-Folio. How the faded manuscript brings up to my remembrance the incidents of that melancholy drama! Years have passed since I witnessed, and heard, and had other mournful events have since contributed to alter their impression on my mind; but to-day they have been recalled by a word, and hover in the dark array passed before me in gloomy procession.

I need not say that I tell *only facts*. There are those yet living who can bear witness to the truth of every thing I relate. The prominent actors in the tragedy are dead, and have gone to their accounts, and I speak of them under fictitious names. Two lie in their humble, though hopeful graves, the victims of a sad fate—one of the third, murderer as he was in the eye of his trainer, passed unscathed by the law, and died at last in his proud bed, with the honors of a hero—another world where justice shall be meted out to the oppressor.

The beginning of the present century was a period of unexampled distress. Hundreds of persons, born and nourished in opulence, lost all they owned in the commercial whirlpool, and not a few often died in abject beggary. The origin of most of these reverses may be traced to the mania for land speculations—the rage for obtaining wealth the whole community to such an extent that when the bubble burst, it involved half of our capitalists in ruin. Well do I recollect the events of that terrible period, when every day brought intelligence of some new bankruptcy, and we trembled to open the daily newspapers, lest the list should light upon the record of the ruin of another friend. The horrors of that epoch are graven with a pen of fire on my memory. If I should live forever I could not forget them.

In the whole circle of my acquaintance—and as a young man I had an extensive one—I vested but my turned hastily aside, and him with a look of kindness in his voice unusual to one like him, he announced me and withdrew. Hitherto there seemed but little chance that I had to enjoy his old felicity. They were indeed wrapt up in each other, and seemed scarcely to live except when together. The picture of their little circle, such as their fair confidential friends were admitted to, was one not vividly hidden even after the lapse of so many years. What a contrast they form. How tenderly she would lean upon an arm, or sing some old tune, calculated by her exquisite voice—and how daringly her husband would rotate her affection, pushing back the hair from her brow, and kissing her indeed kinds. How sweet, happy couple!—how drowsy through the first year of your wedded life flowed by. But alas! the cloud was fast gathering around you, which should cause its merciless pellings only with the grave.

It was during the height of the land mania, and but little more than a month before the bubble burst, that I began to notice in Howard, symptoms of a restlessness, and want of ease, not like the presence of his with that he appeared to enjoy his old felicity. Yet now Charles, as you would perceive, there she is not by your side, and as you would not deceive me, and—and"—but she could say no more. Her heart was too full, and she burst again into tears. I was deeply affected. Her husband, now the most collected of us all, drew her gently to his bosom and soothed her kindly. As soon as I could command my voice, I said to her,

"You would have me say whether there is any hope of your husband's release, my dear Mrs. Howard? and I answer candidly. It can not be long; for, apart from every thing else, what can be gained by keeping him here, after his case properly has been surrendered? Believe me his imprisonment will be of short duration. But cause now,"—I continued, cheerfully, as she lifted her face to me, and seemed somewhat reassured, "let us talk of your arrangements—what can I do for you?"

What a spectacle was this interview presented. The tender, delicate woman, sending the anguish of her husband's bosom, and then herself at last giving way beneath this terrible stroke of Providence. Poor thing! little does she know of the misery in store for her. Hope soon revived in her bosom; the forced calmness of her husband deceived her; and what was the truth to her was misery in store for her. Hope soon revived in her bosom; the forced calmness of her husband deceived her; and what was the truth to her was to support instead of disheartening him, and before I left them she went so far as to smile. And then they actually seemed to be somewhat at ease, while the heart of both were—God knows—almost breaking.

Suspicion as I was, I had entered the cell with the expectation of seeing Howard speedily released, but when his secret was disclosed to me, and his sincere wife departed on a momentary errand, I seized the occasion to enquire more minutely into the probable reason of his arrest. He looked up and shook his head as I closed my question with expressing a belief in his speedy liberty. There was something frightfully calm in his deep, slow meter, as he said,

"It will never be. While Mary was here I was willing to deceive you; for I would not crush her gentle heart with the whole truth. No—it will never be. He has sworn—yes, the author of all my ruin has sworn"—he continued, with a hurried voice and kindling eye, "*that I shall rot in jail*—ha! ha! those are the very words," he added wildly; but instantly pausing, he placed his hands to his brow, with a look of unutterable woe, and remained. "But why in this? I would learn to bear it like a man. No—as there is a Maker over me—he shall never know he can affect my spirit. I will be as gay and cheerful as ever,—I defy his tortures—he may imprison the body—but thank God! the soul is free," and with rapid strides, he paced the narrow cell, while his eye flashed, and his whole frame dilated with indignant passion.

"But," he continued, at last pausing before me, "I have not yet told you the cause of this persecution—yes, persecution!" he added bitterly —and then once more mastering his emotion, he resumed more calmly—"well, you know E——, you know also my speculations with him, and that terrible bond. I will not rehearse the progress of the drama—the double, the farce, the momentary extacy, and the agony of final ruin. No—there you know—feel that *I was to bring them to me*. Well—on Saturday the bubble burst. Mad with ruin, I hurried to my partner, expecting to find some consolation in his often professed friendship, but I was met with cold sternness, and I dreamed faintly that he might yet point out some way to save ourselves. Nor did I forget entirely that I was the possessor of a large property which I could command as well as I." Full of these thoughts I alighted at his house with something of hope. I was told that he was engaged, but only seemed more sure. I told the man to carry in my name. He smiled and shook his head. I grew angry, and pushing by him, entered the library, followed closely by the servant. E—— was sitting calmly by the fire. He rose on my entrance, and turned frowning to the servant. But I gave him no time to speak. Half expecting the truth from the insolence of the footman and my partner's air of perfect unconcern, I at once said, perhaps too hastily,

"Pray, Mr. E——, order that fellow out of the room. I have some private business to transact with you," and observing he hesitated, I added firmly and with emphasis, "I must, and will be heard."

"Well, sir," said he coldly, at once crushing every hope by his tone, "what may it be. But, stop, I have some business with you"—said he suddenly, as if conscious of my errand, he had determined to meet me boldly by first broaching the subject, and enjoying a hellish revenge for the insult in resisting his prefer and penetrating my presence—"you have heard of the failure of the land company, and as that security is now worth nothing, you must be aware that I shall be unable to meet your claims. I am sorry for my judgment bond. I presume, sir," and he ironically, "this is your object in calling?"

For a moment I could not speak. Had I been told an hour before that human nature was capable of such fiendishness, I would not deign to express my sentence. I gazed at him in mingled wonder and indignation, and then my eye fell on the features of his face I traced the same cold blooded irony which characterized his tone. I could not speak.

"By heaven, sir, this is too much. Do you taunt me with the ruin you have brought upon me? Is this your boasted friendship? Is it not entirely because that caused tract of land which your own promises seduced me into purchasing, I give you security—I—I"

"You—you!" he interposed coolly, "for if I did tell you to purchase, I did not bid you to hold on like a fool, when every one could see the speculation was on the blow up."

"You did, sir, you did," I broke in, almost choked with passion, "no later than last week you urged me to retain a lot. And now by heaven I taunt me with it," and as a mournful smile—the most galling of all insults for an injured man to receive—played over his smooth countenance, I continued in words beaten with rage, and with a perfect recklessness as to the consequences. "You dearly remember as I do how you compelled—trapped me into this net—you have swindled one victim more—"

"By G—d!" said he, letting out of his affected irony, and trembling in every limb with anger, "you shall suffer for this—by all that is holy, I swear you shall. I have you fast, you shall rot in jail—ha! ha!" and unable to proceed further, he leaned against the mantel piece breathless with rage.

Now was the moment I answered. The consciousness of my situation, and of the being I had to deal with swept across my memory, until my whole soul was absorbing in the feeling of revenge. It rushed into a flood of tears. Alas! for the heartless world—I was the first friend who had yet called upon them.

"Thank you," at last said Howard, recovering himself with a strong effort, and speaking in that calm, slow tone, so terrible when coming from the excited lips, "this is indeed kind. I hoped a poor pleas to welcome you to now," he continued with an attempt at a smile, "but it is the last time I will trouble you. Nothing around you, which should cause its merciless pellings only with the grave.

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I complain? I am in the lawful labyrinth—but there are those who enter, as I am told, by my appearance is not here to see my weakness; and you I know will never betray me. How his first imprisonment. He even suffered himself to converse on the probability of R——'s rebuking; and onto or twice; with a faint smile, wondered what he *should* do for a livelihood when he was once more free. Alas! the arrow was already drawn to the head which should yet quiver in his heart.

The news of his poor wife's relapse fell upon him like a thunderbolt. From that hour he was almost distracted. He paced up and down his cell like an imbecile maniac, frantically for mercy, he sore his hair in the extremity of his hopelessness and agony.

Oh! how sweet were the messages daily sent from the bedside of that dying wife. Seeming to care only for her husband, every thought was occupied with him. She busied herself in making for him a few little trifles, even when she could scarcely raise herself in bed; and night and morning sent him in her faltering hand writing, some little message to cheer his gloomy prison hours. Yet she grew daily weaker, until even the most sanguine gave up hope. Still her thoughts left not her husband. When she could no longer labor at her needle, nor trace the characters that seemed but of him, she would tell them to her husband, and he would write down what she prayed daily for him, that all might yet be well. Oh! woman's undying, uncalculating love.

During this period of fast thickening despair to Howard, how did he act? My eyes dim with tears when I recall his conduct, as I now write daily, for indeed I was the only friend fortune had left him. He seemed to move even the shadow of himself. Pale and haggard; worn out with sleepless anxiety; unable to eat his usual food; and tortured with constant fears that the unfortunate had come, which he knew was now inevitable, he sank into the narrow limits the picture of despair. As the crisis approached he became tortured with an unceasing desire to behold his wife once more. She almost grew phrensied in contemplating the possibility of not being allowed to gaze even on her lifeless form. He begged, he prayed, he entreated for the permission. But alas! it was impossible. With tears I entreated him to dismiss it from his mind. Had man been harder than the tenher millstone. He would have died himself sooner than utter one of the miseries of his victim.

"Oh! my God," exclaimed Howard frantically one afternoon, as he paced his cell wildly to and fro. "when shall this torture end? Mary is dying, and I cannot even see her. I care nothing only for the close hot air of these sickly walls. I would be content to live in them an eternity—to feel my hot temples throb, my blood chill, my marrow to fattering, my thing, no matter what, not for how long, if I might only behold my dying wife. Am I to bear this sin to God, and even look to him in her exile? Oh! God was it for this I was created? Mary—Mary!" he exclaimed in tones of agony, "can you yet living to blow your last and happy husband." And casting himself upon his bed, he remained for a long time a prey to the wildest of his feelings.

"Mr. D——," said the head turnkey, at this moment pausing in at the door, "here—here sir—there you—something so unusual in the man's tone, that I instantly advanced to the grated portal.

"Here, sir in a note from——street—it is directed to you—I'm afraid all's over," said the man in a husky voice.

The note was hurriedly directed, and sealed with a black seal. I knew Mary had been failing for the close hot air of these sickly walls. I would be content to live in them an eternity—to feel my temples throb, my blood chill, my marrow to fattering, my thing, no matter what, not for how long, if I might only behold my dying wife. Am I to bear this sin to God, and even look to him in her exile? Oh! God was it for this I was created? Mary—Mary!" he exclaimed in tones of agony, "can you yet living to blow your last and happy husband." And casting himself upon his bed, he remained for a long time a prey to the wildest of his feelings.

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The note was hurriedly directed, and sealed with a black seal. I knew Mary had been failing all day, and I told them to summon me from the first sad moment. I trembled as I broke the seal. My eyes dazed and swam. My head ached, and I could scarcely a half an hour before. The note still powerless from my hands. I staggered against the wall. But a wild figure flitting by me suddenly recalled me to myself.

I had left Howard just within the cell, seemingly buried in convulsive grief. But the cure was on such a situation are proverbially acute in all that relates to their own misfortunes, and even my unuttered exclamation on perusing the note had caught his ear. He had sprung to his feet at once in the face of the compassionate jailer, who now stood in the doorway; but he did not utter a lamentation. Had any human being suffered at once was concentrated into that one moment, but it only nerved him to a despair as calm as it was terrible. He stood motionless for a full breath; but that instant catching sight of the agress of a visitor through the outer entrance, he dashed furiously by the astonished turnkey in the doorway of his cell, crossed the hall with the speed of lightning, and was already darkening the outer portal when the under turnkey perceiving his design, filled him to the earth with the huge bar of the gateway. A rush, a stunning sound, a heavy fall upon the pavement told the whole tale. Howard had dashed out his brains, and lifted him up, and carried him apparently lifeless to his room. Would God! our belief had been correct, and that moment had been the last to bury buried her. She lies in her quiet grave in that old church yard, and even now I often contrast their sad and mournful existence; but she has long been in a better and happier world.

Slowly and almost imperceptibly did Howard awake to the consciousness of his sufferings. The wound he had received, though not so dangerous as was at first imagined, threw him almost instantly into a high fever, and incoherent delirium. He never awoke to a knowledge of events transpiring around him until his sweet wife had been some days interred. It seemed indeed as if fate, wearied with oppressing him, had kindly thrown a veil over his consciousness of suffering during this dreadful period. When at last he awoke to his senses, after the first horrid suspicions were satisfied, he made no allusion to the loss of his wife. His spirit seemed broken without a struggle, and in all that time I have never seen the sun rise or set, felt the cool breath of heaven, or heard or smelt as the voice of a child. The air grew closer every day I spend here, and the sky looks not as fresh and blue as of old. Oh! my friend, I feel that I am once—but—I am tired, with sterility energy, "I shall soon be free."

What could I answer? But I pressed his hand in silence; while a hot tear fell on his wasted fingers.

"I——," said he, "you are now my only friend. Rich and poor, alike, have shunned this loathsome place; and since Mary's death, my very heart has dried up within me. I have felt myself dying day by day ever since. I shall soon, I trust," and he raised his eyes on high, "through the merits of my saviour join her in that better world, to which she has gone, beyond the blue sky. Let me look at it once more. Open the casement."

We did as he requested in silence. Our feelings were too solemn to break in by words, upon his thoughts.

"It is a beautiful morning," he said, faltering-ly, as the warm breath of spring floated balmily through the casement, "I have not felt a wind like this for years. And oh! bury me where such a one can play around my grave—by Mary —in the old church yard, and not" and he shuddered involuntarily, for the public burial place was almost in sight, "in that dreadful field. Will you? It is my only request."

"You—oh God! you," was all I could utter. Had it indeed come to this! Was it the once happy and wealthy Howard that now begged as a favor for a spot of consecrated ground to make his grave. His wandering eyes seemed to read my thoughts. He tried to smile.

"I little thought when a careless boy, I should die thus. I had bright dreams of fame then; but I" he added, sadly, "that has long past. I hope God will forgive my selfish ambition—the evil has been heavy—heavy,"—and he closed his eyes, painfully.

For a few moments all was still. The tick of my watch was distinctly audible. At last the sufferer opened his eyes heavily, and then closed them. He whispered something. I bent down my ear.

"Mary—Father—mer—cy,"—just faltered from his tongue, and though he murmured something for a moment or two more I could distinguish only that he seemed to be thinking of his wife. Suddenly he ceased; there was a convulsive twitch, a quiver of the eyelids, and all was still. I took the cold hand on which my heart.

"He is free at last," she said.

It was indeed so; but his death had been so calm that the smile still lingered on his wasted countenance.

Need I say his wish to be buried beside his wife was gratified. He old friends, now but few in number, attended the funeral. We stood, it is true prevent the errors of the past, but we can able pray for that time when "liberty shall be proclaimed to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound."

D.

The Mariner's Child to His Mother.

BY MISS LANDON.

Oh, weep no more, sweet mother!
Oh, weep no more to-night,
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue air is clear,
And I can see, sweet mother,
To know away my fear.

But now the wind goes wailing,
Over the dark and trackless deep,
And I know my father, mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come mother,
As surely as we have seen,
When the grapes are dyed with purple,
He will be back again.

The voices were but in blossom,
When he bade me watch them grow,
And now the large leaves, mother,
Are fading from the bough.

And birds of shining wing
But what are these, dear mother?
He is loaded by their side.

Our blessed holy Saviour,
Knows well how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.

He will guide the stately vessel,
Through the sea he dark and drear;
Another word in prayer—
My father will be here.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the storm-bird's wing is free,
Come, come, and sleep, dear mother,
Oh weep no more to-night.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

Little Jacob commenced the course of tears which he was squeezing out of his eyes, and instantly subsided into a silent horror.

"Mind you don't break out again, you villain," said Quilp, looking sternly at him, "or I'll make faces at you and throw you into fits, I will. Now sir, why haven't you been to see as you promised ?"

"What should I come for ?" retorted Kit. "I knew my business with you, no more than you had with me."

"Here, mistress," said Quilp, turning quickly away, and appealing from Kit to Barbara, "here's my business with you, no more than you had with me."

"Here, mistress," said Quilp, turning quickly away, and appealing from Kit to Barbara, "here's my business with you, no more than you had with me."

"Hear me, sir," said Quilp, turning quickly away, and appealing from Kit to Barbara, "here's my business with you, no more than you had with me."

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"Here

In the height of his ecstasy, Mr. Quilp had like to have met with a disagreeable check, by rolling very near a broken dog-kennel, there leapt forth a large fierce dog, who, but that his chain was of the shortest, would have given him a disagreeable salute. As it was, the dwarf remained upon his back in perfect safety, taunting the dog with hideous faces, and triumphing over him in his inability to advance another inch, though they were not a couple of feet between them.

"Why don't you come and bite me, why don't you come and tear me to pieces, you coward," said Quilp, hissing and worrying the animal till he was nearly mad. "You're afraid, you bully, you're afraid, we know you are."

The dog tore and strained at his chain with starting eyes and furious bark, but there the dwarf lay, snapping his fingers with gestures of defiance and contempt. When he had sufficiently recovered from his delight, he rose, and with his arms a-kimbo, achieved a kind of demon-dance round the kennel, just without the limits of the chain, driving the dog quite wild. Having by this means composed his spirits and put himself in a pleasant train, he returned to his unprepossessing companion, whom he found looking at the tide with exceeding gravity, and thinking of that same gold and silver which Mr. Quilp had mentioned.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

The remainder of that day and the whole of the next, were a busy time for the Nubbles family, to whom everything connected with Kit's worth and departure was matter of so great moment as if he had been about to penetrate into the interior of Africa, or to take a cruise round the world. It would be to difficult to suppose that there ever was a box which was opened and shut so many times within four-and-twenty hours, as that which contained his wardrobe and necessaries; and certainly there never was one which to two small eyes presented such a mine of clothing as this mighty chest, with its three shirts and proportionate allowance of stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs, disclosed to the astonished vision of little Jacob. At last it was conveyed to the carrier's at whose house at Finchley Kit was to ride it next day; and the box being gone, there remained but two questions for consideration - first, by whether the carrier would lose, or dishonestly feign to lose, the box upon the road; and secondly, whether Kit's mother perfectly understood how to take care of herself in the absence of her son.

"I don't think there's hardly a chance of his really losing it, but carriers are under great temptation to pretend they lose things, no doubt," said Mrs. Nubbles, apprehensively, in reference to the first point.

"No doubt about it," returned Kit, with a serious look: "upon my word, mother, I don't think it was right to trust it to them. Somebody ought to have gone with it, I'm afraid."

"We can't help it now," said his mother; "but it was foolish and wrong: people oughtn't to be tempted."

Kit inwardly resolved that he would never tempt a carrier any more, save with an empty box; and having formed this Christian determination, he turned his thoughts to the second question.

"You know you must keep up your spirits, mother, and not be lonesome because I'm not at home. I shall very often be able to look in when I come into town I dare say, and I shall send you a letter sometimes, and when the quarter comes round I can get a holiday of course; and then see if we don't take little Jacob to the play, and let him know what oysters means."

"I hope plays oughn't be sinful, Kit, but I'm afraid they are," said Mrs. Nubbles.

"I know who has been putting that in your head," rejoined her son discourteously; "that's Little Bethel again. You I say, mother, you're don't take to going there regularly, for if I have to see your good-behaved face that has always

child of the devil (which it certainly is) like other mothers is if I was to see this, and see little Jacob looking generous likewise, I should so like it to hear that I'm sure I should go and let him, elder, and run my head on purpose against the first cannon ball I saw coming my way."

"Oh, Kit, don't talk like that."

"I would indeed, mother, and unless you want to make me feel very wretched and uncomfortable, you'll keep that how on your bonnet, which you'd more than half a mind to pull off last week. Can you suppose there's any harm in looking as cheerful and being as cheerful as our poor circumstances will permit? Do I see anything in the way I'm made, which calls upon me to be a snivelling, solemn, whispering chap, sneaking about as if I couldn't help it, and expressing myself in a most unpleasant snuffle 'on the contrary, don't I see every reason why I shouldn't? Just hear this! Ha ha ha! Ain't that as cat'eal as walking, and as good for the health? Ha ha ha! Ain't that as nat'eal as a sleep's bleating, or a pig's grunting, or a horse's neighing, or a bird's singing? Ha ha ha! Isn't it, mother?"

There was something contagious in Kit's laugh, for his mother, who had looked grave before, first subsided into a smile, and then fell to joining in it heartily, which occasioned Kit to say that he knew it was natural, and that he felt comfortable. Kit and his mother, laughing together in a pretty loud key, woke the baby, who finding that there was no particular joke and agreeable in you, grow, was no sooner in its mother's arms than it began to kick and laugh most vigorously. This new illustration of his argument so tickled Kit that he fell backward in his chair in a state of exhaustion, pointing at the baby and shaking his sides till he cracked again. After recovering twice or thrice, and as often relapsing, he wiped his eyes and said grace: and a very cheerful meal their manny supper was.

With more tissues, and lungs, and tears, than many young gentlemen who start upon their travels and leave well-stocked homes behind them, would deem sufficient bounds of probability, Kit's mother saw how could be herein set down. Kit left the house at an early hour next morning, and set out to walk to Finch'; feeling a sufficient pride in his appearance to have warranted his unconsciousness from Little Bethel from that time forth, if he had ever been one of that mournful congregation.

Let anybody should feel a curiosity to know how Kit was clad, it may be briefly remarked of that he wore no livery, but was dressed in a coat of paper's and suit with waistcoat of canary color, and leather garments of iron grey; besides these glories, he shone in the clusters of a new pair of boots and an extremely stiff and shiny hat, which no living struck anywhere with the knuckles, sounded like a drum. And in this attire, reader wondering that he attracted so little attention, and substituting the circumstance to the insensibility of those who go up early, he made his way toward Abel Cottage.

Without encountering any more remarkable adventure than a friend, long coming a lad in a brimless hat, the exact counterpart of his old one, on whom he bestowed half the sixpence he possessed, Kit arrived in course of time at the carriers house, where, to the lasting honor of human nature, he found the box in safety. Receiving from the wife of this immutable man a direction to Mr. Garland's, he took the box upon his shoulder and regained thither directly.

To be sure, it was a beautiful little cottage with a thatched roof and little square at the garden-ends, and pieces of stained glass in some of the windows, almost as large as pocket-books. On one side of the house was a little stable, and then attic for the pony, with a little room over it, just the size for Kit. White curtains were fluttering, and birds in cages that looked as bright as if they were made of gold, were singing at the windows; plants were arranged on either side of the path, and clustered about the door; and the garden was bright with flowers in full bloom, which added a sweet odor all round, and had a charming and elegant appearance. Everything, within the house and without, seemed to be in the perfection of neatness and order. In the garden there was not a weed to be seen, and in passing from some dapper gardening-tools, a basket, and a pair of gloves which were lying in one of the walks, old Mr. Garland had been at work in it that very morning.

Kit looked about him, and admired, and looked again, and this a great many times before he could make up his mind to turn his head another way and ring the bell. There was abundance of time to look about him again though, when he did ring it, for nobody came, so after ringing twice or thrice he sat down upon his box, and waited.

He rang the bell a great many times, and yet nobody came. But at last, as he was sitting upon the box thinking about giants' castles, and princesses shut up to pegs by the hair of their heads, and dragons bursting out from behind gates, and other incidents of the like nature, common in books to read the paper, without the wish to pay for the enjoyment, deserve neither grace nor favor, but a fair exposure. We know that much is attributable to forgetfulness, and all who fairly give such an excuse, are pardonable. To those who plead the risk of the Mail, we say, give it to the nearest Post Master to be at once forwarded to us, and we will incur the risk and lose if any occurs.

The Florida Wars.

In our paper of to-day, will be found another account of the horrible butchery, and fiendish cruelty practised by the Indians on the frontier. No patriot can contemplate this protracted struggle of a mere handful of savages, with a great and powerful nation, without feelings of shame and regret. The whole conduct has been characterised by features of policy in no respect creditable to the Government, and the exertions now put forth to bring it to a close, are any thing but commendable or satisfactory. The origin of the war, was itself in itself, as the world well knows, an ungroundly defended, is not worth one twentieth part of the money spent in endeavours to wrest it from the savage - not to speaking of the thousands of valuable lives—of the blood spilt like water,—of constitutions broke down and racked by a climate, which in its appearance seems to be one of the pernicious influence upon other American tribes of such an example.

Our Government owes it to its own character and to the American people, to take some prompt and efficient measures to put a speedy end to this sanguinary contest. The people will not be satisfied much longer, with the present system of desperate measures for a final extermination of the Indians in Florida, or some puerile declaration that shall bring the war to a close. If all Kit had not been set at defiance by the shameful capture of Oseola, the last might be adopted with some consistency; but under such a result, it is doubtful whether now, even a solemn act of the Government would be regarded by the Indians as a pledge to be relied upon. Something however, must be done, and be speedily done, to satisfy even the warmest friend of the Administration, that delay is not accountable, and expedient.

More Indian Murders.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER, dated—

JOHNSONVILLE, August 23.

Again it becomes my painful duty to inform you of the murder of some of our citizens. I will give you the particulars as I heard them from a young man who arrived here last night from the scene of action. Mr. Lanier, Mr. Reed and Mr. James Lassiter both young men, were in their field at Fort Taylor, guarding their negroes, while they were planting corn, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 12th inst. A little before sunset, the young men strolled towards the hammock, which extends immediately in the rear, where there were some water-melons, and while in the act of eating one, were fired on from the hammock by the Indians, two balls passing through the back of Mr. Lanier, who fell dead instantly. Mr. Lanier was severely wounded, but survived about two hours, when he expired in the same silent change. The death of Mr Smart is strongly lamented by all who knew him. He was about 23 years of age, a native of the State of Mississippi, and for the last eight years, a resident of this county.

In addition to the above, we learn from the Newnansville mail carrier, that on the evening of the 10th, two Dragoons with their horses were found dead near Bellamy's Plantation, on the road west of Micanopy. On the morning of the 13th, Indians were seen from the top of a house at Fort Drane, in the field about two miles off, with whom both pair of eyes were closely withdrawn, and Kit least ever his plate, and, Barbara over her spectacles, and in a moment afterwards at having been detected by the other.

Continued in our next.

Scott's Hammock Campaign.

From the Friends of Rebelling wealth, Sir Walter Scott woke to the reality of a bankruptcy. On the day of the trial of the Indians that killed the Dragoons, Mr. Heinz, a gentleman of the whole party that murdered Smart was entirely disinterested from that which challenged the dragoons. He thinks that's why, about a hundred or ten parts. He is a gentleman of some experience in these matters, whose judgment may be relied on.

The Tragedy in the Wilderness.

We presume, says the N. Y. Times, that no private individual, in any country, of late years, met a catastrophe that ended the mortal career of Mr. Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, on this side of the Rocky Mountains in the Arctic regions. Should any such doubt exist, however, it must be entirely expelled by the subjoined statement, which we have received yesterday by the mail from the American Fur Company, in a letter from one of the agents of that Company at St. Louis, and which may be considered authentic:

"According to your request I beg to state the information received at St. Peter's before I left, from Messrs. Mitchell, Moore, Chouteau and Robert Fergus, of Red River, who are here with me, regarding the unfortunate and exclusively melancholy affair referred to in your letter. A party of emigrants left Red River on the 17th of May, and were followed in two days afterward by another party, consisting of Mr. Thomas Simpson, the brother of Gov. Simpson, Mr. Drever and old Mr. Le Gros, the guide. That party overtook the other and remained with them two days. During this time, Mr. Simpson informed them that Mr. Simpson did not appear right; he could not have rest, but after they encamped, kept walking almost continually. On the third day of their travel, Mr. Simpson's party separated, taking with them Mr. James Bruce and Le Gros's son, a boy about 15, and proceeded on.

About the middle of the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Simpson's party separated, taking with them Mr. James Bruce and Le Gros's son, a boy about 15, and proceeded on.

On Monday morning James Bruce and Le Gros's son came riding to their encampment, much excited, and related to them that from the time they had separated Mr. Simpson had drawn them moving, sometimes forward and sometimes back, and on the return toward Red River, until the evening of Sunday; that he first stopped when they were in company, Bird, Bruce and Le Gros's son, and began to putting up the tent, and after a few minutes, he arose, and Le Gros's son took up a double barrelled gun, and after standing awhile and looking at them, presented the gun at Bird's back and fired. Bird fell and immediately fired the other barrel at old Le Gros's body, and shot him down. Mr. Bird was killed on the instant, but Le Gros survived a few hours.

James Bruce then ran across the brook, and Le Gros's boy moved on one side, and Bruce heard Le Gros's son say, that Mr. Simpson and they had intended to kill him the day before. He walked up to Le Gros, and, finding him alive, shot him in order to relieve they had not intended to kill him, and Le Gros accordingly died.

Mr. Simpson he was sure Le Gros was not in his senses, and did not know what he was saying. Upon which Mr. Simpson repeated the question, and Le Gros answered, no.

Mr. Simpson then proposed to Bruce to return to Red River, and told him he would give him $500 to go back with him and say nothing about it. Bruce, being frightened and wanting to get away, assented to his proposal, and getting an opportunity to speak to Le Gros's boy an Indian, they got hold of two bridles, caught horses, and set off immediately in search of the other camp. After riding the greater part of the night they reached the other encampment, as before stated, about sunrise.

A party of six immediately took their guns and mounted to return to the encampment of Mr. Simpson. Of this party Mr. Robert Logan, jr. who is by my side, was one. They proceeded in the greatest haste, and about 4 o'clock in the morning arrived at their destination.

They pulled up about 200 yards from the encampment, and called out, no answer was given. They then called on Mr. Simpson by name, and still no answer. They then moved around to the other side, and keeping the same distance, called again.

They could not see Mr. Simpson but saw a dog move, and immediately afterward heard the report of a gun, and on the smoke near the tent. They then moved round to where the horses were, caught them, and approached a little nearer the tent. They then fired off their guns, intending to alarm Mr. Simpson, and after reloading them, approached gradually until at last Sinclair, one of the party, got near enough to the tent to see Mr. Simpson, and could see that he was dead.

They then all advanced, and Mr. Robert Logan saw him lying on his gun, with his face downwards. He had a wound on the forehead and all the upper part of his head was blown off. His cap, a white one, partly burnt, was found near the body, and the gun was also found. The body of Mr Bird was found covered over with the tent, and two sticks to keep it down. Le Gros's son had declared that he was dead. There was a path between the two bodies, as if Mr. Simpson had kept walking to and fro all night.

They buried all the three bodies as they were, without taking off their clothes, and covered them with the tent. Mr. Simpson's portmanteau and other effects, which were supposed to have "Paris", and there deposited in the care of Dr. Williamson, the Presbyterian Missionary, until the fall, when Mr. Simpson, who will be then returning to Red River, has agreed to take them back to the H. B. Company's agent there.

I have thus detailed all the information I can obtain, as carefully and correctly as possible. There can remain no doubt on the subject, as Mr. Logan, whom you have also seen and conversed with, was an eye witness to the whole.

A. ROBERTSON.

New Publications.

THE MANAGERIAL, or *Henry De Cosse — A Romance—By G. P. R. James, Esq.*—2 vols. Harper & Brothers.—The rapidity with which Mr. James composes, has often been urged against him as one of his greatest faults; and within proper limits, and when the merit is to be put, so far as the style, plot, and character are concerned, Mr. James is in the wrong—but so far as mere money-making in his object, he is unquestionably right. Two readable novels from a man of reputation will sell the author more than one really good romance, however invulnerable it may be to criticism.

The Managerial bears evidence of having been written with a careful eye to the cent-percentage. The author is sunk in the book maker. It is a readable novel, we admit, and but it bears the first production of the writer, that it has been some months in hand. Such a work could not be taken for Lee or Carey, whose successive work must be better than the last. He has written many books, and will write many more, but in the present work, has committed both these faults. Henry De Cosse is not as good as *Henry of Guise*, or the *Gipsy*; nor even

The plot—to begin with is common place. A younger brother of a noble family, who has been educated by the head of his family, falls in love with the daughter of his patron, and is eventually driven from his home by the wrath of the old lord. He sets out in the world almost penniless, intending to become a soldier. Fortune leaps at his call, and he is successful, in love, in arms, in strategem, in obtaining booty by the capture of some town in the camp. He becomes a general wonder. His reputation rises at once with that of the most daring, the most selfish, and the most wise of the leaders on either side. He makes friends every where; becomes soon domesticated with the Indians, who are taught to look on him as a superior being, and who would not be at all surprised to see him, at any moment, take to the water and walk home. He is a favorite with the Indian women, and is the object of the most violent attachment on the part of the daughter of the chief of the Indians that killed the dragoons. His status is, in short, that of a born leader of men. He is a gentleman of some experience in these matters, whose judgment may be relied on.

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I have thus detailed all the information I can obtain, as carefully and correctly as possible. There can remain no doubt on the subject, as Mr. Logan, whom you have also seen and conversed with, was an eye witness to the whole.

A. ROBERTSON.

Five Young Indians Drowned.

The Portland Me. Ad. of Wednesday evening gives the particulars of a melancholy accident by which five young Indians of ages from 11 to 18 were suddenly sent into eternity.

A pleasure boat belonging to Portland, called the Bravo, was making an excursion in the harbor. Not far from Fort Preble, the boat struck on a rock, and was in the sudden, or calm, one young lady, who was sitting on the stern, was thrown out of the boat. A scholar would—as it is called—attract the help of those on board, but the Captain was not aware of the accident, except as the capsizing of the boat. The Bravo came down with the tide, and the persons above waited. The young ladies in the cabin were drowned before they could escape. Some chance to save themselves or be saved by others, they were all drowned. The boat was righted, and there were found upon it the bodies of Miss Mary Ann Cushing, daughter of Mr. Caleb Cushing, and Miss Ellen Jane Walker, daughter of Mr. Walker, Collector of Customs. The following were the names of the young ladies who were drowned:

Frances Ingraham, daughter of Walter Ingraham, Esq., Boarding-house keeper, aged 18 years.

Ellen Milliken, daughter of Capt. Milliken, of Cape Elizabeth, aged 18.

Mary Ann Cushing, daughter of Hon. Caleb Cushing, aged 18.

Miss Walker, daughter of Mr. Walker, aged 18.

Confirmation of the Sub-Over Murder.

James Moore, the negro who committed the murder on board of the schooner Orcad on Wednesday morning, was brought to this city from Newbern on Friday morning for a further examination before the Mayor. [Tarboro Press.

[Tarboro Press *Recorder* comes.—I employed the man Moore on Thursday last. I wanted to undertake him to go to Rocky Mount, and he refused to go. I then went on board the schooner to get my trunk, and came to shore, and on the wharf, the boy took the first watch. As much as I was there, I did not see Moore. I then went to bed and was asleep when I was awakened by the Captain, who told me that Moore had killed the steward. I then got up and dressed myself. I then went on board the schooner, and found the boy standing on the right side of the cabin door, and Moore on the left. I asked Moore what was the matter, he said the cook had abused him. I asked him where Crum was, he said he was in the cabin. I then went in the cabin and found Crum lying on the floor, weltering in his blood. I then came on shore and went to bed.

I was awakened by the Alderman whether he wanted to go any thing. He said when I came on board the schooner I must come out, and said something else which I did not hear. I then went on board the schooner, and found the boy and Moore standing on the right side of the cabin door, and Moore on the left. I asked Moore what was the matter, he said the cook had abused him. I asked him where Crum was, he said he was in the cabin. I then went in the cabin and found Crum lying on the floor, weltering in his blood. I then came on shore and went to bed.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$5 per annum—$2 if paid in advance. $1.50 if always for six months.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless by agreement, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts current. They should always give names and time paid for.

Letters addressed to the Editor, on business of post ons, or advertising will be attended to.

Remarks must always state the Post-office renewal *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

To Correspondents.

A. A. P.—has been received. His reply to our correspondent S. H. shall appear. Let the public decide whether to think with the author of "*I Love the Sex*," or the author of "*I Love not the Sex*."

A PEASANT.—is given out for consideration. For a first attempt it is good. Let our correspondent flog on.

Here is an effusion which we should be sorry to read, from H. H. opens with a most anger inquiry, after this sort.

"How come there here
That letter of the lake?—
How came it here?
I'll open with a most anger inquiry, after this sort.
"How come there here
That letter of the lake?—
The rivet is my father.

Now this sounds like poetry, like sinking, and an exercising questions, until he fills up his paper. And then he asks the query: Egad—how came it there? Some one must be thrown utterly into the state of mind, were such poetic rats ruled through the country. Fare well to the fish poet—for we shall see him no more. We never knew who Byron admired the fishes until now, but that of all the poets of the lake that one, they will be a set of fools together.

"LUCY."—is under consideration. Can be set in order for view!

"R. HENRY."—"R. C." "ADELIA."—and "O. B." cannot appear.

"RICHARD" desires too much Latinity for us. He is a little too much of a scholar to please the general reader, and therefore we must decline. We shall be glad to hear from him in some other way.

Our friend from Boston must excuse us. We never prefered admissions of the poetry of the speaker, and can not therefore be expected to defend him.

"CHRISTOPHER."—is scarcely fair. However we will not decide him and leave him to the reader.

"O. B. S."—never! His attempt at wit would make Val tares take pleasure—in disgust.

Financial Record.

Counterfeiters.

In **Newark** on Friday last, the Deputy Sheriff **Ball**, in company with U. S. Marshal Gardner, arrested under the suspicion that they were passing counterfeit money. They were committed for trial. One of them was detected putting something in his mouth which, upon his being immediately thrashed, proved to be a counterfeit $1 bill on the "Bank of the City of New York," letter H. No 436, and dated July 4, 1839. They represented themselves to be John L. Henry, and Benjamin Reed, carpenters, of Orange, co. New York. In passing through Commons they passed a counterfeit bill at Rose's store. A wrapper was found on them marked "Cashier, which Mr. Ball supposes has covered a large bundle of counterfeits, and that they have been to Philadelphia, or Hoosier dun county. Besides the counterfeits on the Union Bank, they had a small bundle left on the Providence Bank.

NEW BANK.—The Farmers' and Millers' Bank, Hagerstown, Md. having complied with the requirements of its charter, has recently commenced operations. J. C. Gaither, cashier, and Jos. H. Steinbeck, President. Its notes are purchased by the brokers at 4 per cent. discount.

BANK OF KENTUCKY.—The accumulation of the illegal dividends of the last 13th st ems, under one of the institutions has resulted in the enrolment of the former and requiring half of the latter in $5000 installments by notice of the amount, to stand his trial at the next Criminal Court.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.—Counterfeit $20 notes on the Farmers' Bank of Maryland. They are said to be N. York. By close examination no imprint of "Eastern Bank New Jersey" can be discovered under the name of the President, Dr. Buchanan.

BANK N. AMERICA.—At a meeting of the Directors of the Bank of North America, held yesterday John Richardson, Esq. was unanimously elected President.

Political Intelligence.

Philadelphia Nominations.

The HARRISON Delegates of Philadelphia, nominated on Saturday, the following congress and State Ticket for Congress—the latter the place of George W. Toland.

And William A. Crabb, R. M. Hinchman, George B. Smith, Edward R. Law, Edward A. Penniman, Jr. Hamilton, Nathan Hickman, Thomas M. Scott, Thomas McCully, William Bonsall, Lewis Cromilliott.

For the Legislature—Henry Horn, for Mayor. For Congress, Andrew Miller, and Joseph C. Neal, Esq's.

City and County Ticket. For County Commissioner—Joseph A. Dean of Spring Garden. For Auditor—Peter A. Grigg, of Moyamensing.

Vermont Election.

We have returns from all the towns in the State, except 15 small ones. The recapitulation of our tables (222 towns) is as follows

	1839		1840	
Counties.	Towns.	W.	Towns.	W.
Addison,	24	W.	24	W.
Rutland,	24	2544	24	2917
Windsor,	24	2744	24	3161
Chittenden,	18	1855	18	2171
Addison,	26	1997	26	2319
Windham,	26	2222	26	2546
Bennington,	12	1942	12	2406
Orange,	24	1776	24	2117
Washington,	17	2068	17	2396
Caledonia,	21	1707	21	2035
Orleans,	15	1200	15	1500
Lamoille,	11	1107	11	1301
Essex,	5	303	5	375
Total,	222	25,395	17,549	34,901
Whig maj.				9,346

The above returns comprise all the towns in the State except 15, which, in 1839, cast 1,046 votes.

LEGISLATURE.—The Assembly, so far as heard from stands 170 Whig and 56 Van Buren men. There are also a dozen towns to be heard from.

MISSOURI ELECTION.—We have received the complete returns of the election in Missouri, for members of the State Legislature, which stand as follows:—In Senate, 17 Van Buren, and 15 Harrison. In House, 47 Van Buren, and 36 Harrison; 1 Van Buren man, 1 Locofoco, and 1 Harrison man. Total, 84 joint ballot, 73 Van Buren, and 51 Harrison; Van Buren majority, 17. Last year, the Senate stood, 20 Van Buren, and 13 Harrison. In House, 57 Van Buren and 39 Harrison. On joint ballot, 78 Van Buren, and 52 Harrison. Van Buren majority, 26.—The complete returns for Governor, have not yet come to hand.

ILLINOIS ELECTION.—COMPLETE.—The complete list of members returned, shows that 51 Van Buren members and 40 Harrison members have been elected to the House of Representatives and 26 Van Buren members and 14 Harrison do. to the Senate. Last year there were 41 Van Buren members and 44 Harrison do. in the House, and 20 Van Buren members and 20 Harrison do. in the Senate—Thus showing a Van Buren gain this year over last year, of 4 in the House and 6 in the Senate—making a difference of 20 on joint ballot.

NEW-YORK.—The Van Buren party of New York have nominated William C. Bouck, of Schoharie, (late Canal Commissioner,) as their candidate for Governor, and Daniel B. Dickinson, of Broome county, (now Senator,) for Lieutenant Governor.

INDIANA ELECTION—OFFICIAL.—The official returns confirmed by the certificate of the Secretary of State, show the result to be as follows:—

The whole number of votes for Governor is 117,931, and for Lieutenant Governor 116,444. The majority for Bigger, the Whig candidate for Governor, is 8637, and for Samuel Hall, the Whig candidate for Lieut. Governor, 9292. The Whig majority, taking the Governor's vote as the criterion, is 166 less than in 1836, and 3675 more than in 1838.

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.—COMPLETE.—From the official return of the members elected to the House of Representatives on the 25th ult., in Rhode Island, it appears that its political complexion will remain unaltered, viz 46 Harrison members and 24 Van Buren members. The only alteration at all, will be in the Jamestown and Tiverton Districts—in the former of which the Van Buren men gained one member, and in the latter, a Locofoco.

MAINE ELECTION.—The election in Maine for Governor, members of Congress and the Legislature, will take place next Monday.

CONSULS OF BELGIUM.—The President of the United States has recognized the undermanned persons as Consuls for Belgium:

Philadelphia—Joseph Mora Moss.
Boston—John Douglass Bates.
Portland—Thomas Amory Deblois
Baltimore—Samuel B. Walker.
Richmond—I. W. Nolting.
Charleston—George A. Hopley.
Savannah—John C. Ferrell
Mobile—Charles Auge.
New York—Hippolyte Moh.
Newport—Lorenzo F. Wheeler
Norfolk—Gabriel Disosway.

ALABAMA.—The Montgomery Advertiser gives the final result of the election in Alabama—Democratic Senate, 21; House of Representatives, 53—74. Whig—Senate, 12; House of Representatives, 47—59; majority for democracy, 15. From a table shewing the comparison of the popular vote of Alabama, for 1840, it seems that the majorities for the democratic amount to 12,934; for the Whigs, 2,640. Showing a nett gain of 7,599.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS.—John Dougherty, to be Superintendent of the Allegheny and Susquehanna Division of the Canal.

John C. M'Cormick, to be Collector at the Port of Hollidaysburg, in the place of Alexander Lamb.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.—The complete list of members returned shows that 51 Democrats and 40 Whigs have been elected to the House—and 26 Democrats and 14 Whigs—Democratic majority on joint ballot 22.

ELECTIONS IN TENNESSEE.—The late act of the Assembly requires that the election shall be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November next, which will be on the 3d day of that month.

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INDIANA ELECTION—OFFICIAL.—The official returns confirmed by the certificate of the Secretary of State, show the result to be as follows:—

The whole number of votes for Governor is 117,931, and for Lieutenant Governor 116,444. The majority for Bigger, the Whig candidate for Governor, is 8637, and for Samuel Hall, the Whig candidate for Lieut. Governor, 9292. The Whig majority, taking the Governor's vote as the criterion, is 166 less than in 1836, and 3675 more than in 1838.

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.—COMPLETE.—From the official return of the members elected to the House of Representatives on the 25th ult., in Rhode Island, it appears that its political complexion will remain unaltered, viz 46 Harrison members and 24 Van Buren members. The only alteration at all, will be in the Jamestown and Tiverton Districts—in the former of which the Van Buren men gained one member, and in the latter, a Locofoco.

MAINE ELECTION.—The election in Maine for Governor, members of Congress and the Legislature, will take place next Monday.

CONSULS OF BELGIUM.—The President of the United States has recognized the undermanned persons as Consuls for Belgium:

Philadelphia—Joseph Mora Moss.
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Portland—Thomas Amory Deblois
Baltimore—Samuel B. Walker.
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Charleston—George A. Hopley.
Savannah—John C. Ferrell
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New York—Hippolyte Moh.
Newport—Lorenzo F. Wheeler
Norfolk—Gabriel Disosway.

ALABAMA.—The Montgomery Advertiser gives the final result of the election in Alabama—Democratic Senate, 21; House of Representatives, 53—74. Whig—Senate, 12; House of Representatives, 47—59; majority for democracy, 15. From a table shewing the comparison of the popular vote of Alabama, for 1840, it seems that the majorities for the democratic amount to 12,934; for the Whigs, 2,640. Showing a nett gain of 7,599.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS.—John Dougherty, to be Superintendent of the Allegheny and Susquehanna Division of the Canal.

John C. M'Cormick, to be Collector at the Port of Hollidaysburg, in the place of Alexander Lamb.

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TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—The Albany Journal states that a disastrous occurrence took place at Port Byron on Tuesday night, 25th. The south wall of the large stone flouring mill, built a few years since by Messrs. H. & E. S. Beach, and constituting one of its largest establishments of the kind in the State, gave way, and was precipitated into the stream. The building on that side was about 50 feet high, and over 100 feet long. It had been discovered that the water wheel shaft was in some way untrue, and several workmen had for a day or two been employed in remedying the evil; but had very luckily with drawn a short time before the accident occurred to the other workmen where they had been at work was destroyed. About 2,000 bushels of wheat were lost and the damage estimated at from $15,000 to 20,000. The whole building will remain unshaved, viz 46 Harrison members and 24 Van Buren members. The only alteration at all, will be in the Jamestown and Tiverton Districts—in the former of which the Van Buren men gained one member, and in the latter, a Locofoco.

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RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Friday morning last says the Baltimore Clipper, the body of a negro man named Isaac, a slave of Mr. Slater, was found on the track of the Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia railroad, about eight miles this side of Harewood. both legs and an arm were horribly mangled, and the only otherwise torn. The presumption was that he had fallen a sleep on the track the night previous, and the entire train of the night cars from Philadelphia to his city had passed over him. The unfortunate man by the engineer stated that he knew nothing of the fatal accident until he was told of it the next day.

SEARED WITH A KNIFE.—The Charleston Courier states that on the evening of Saturday week, about seven o'clock, a mulatto girl, residing in a boarding house in State street, between a man named Murphy, a laborer, and Cox, a miller, formerly mayor of the city Sullivan, when Murphy stabbed Cox with a shoemaker's knife about six inches in length, in the abdomen. He was immediately taken to the Marine Hospital, and died on Monday morning about 9 o'clock. A jury of inquest was held the same day, who brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Murphy, who has been lodged in jail.

ANOTHER MILL DESTROYED.—The large Planing Mill on Nassau, N. Y. owned by Messrs. Fanning's & Johnson, and Co., a miller, formerly mayor of the city was destroyed by fire on Tuesday last. The mill was owned by Judge Hunt, of Niagara and its contents by Barry and Co. Loss about $30,000, on which was insured 15,000. About 2000 bushels of Wheat were destroyed, which was also a total loss of machinery, &c. makes the loss of L. A. Godfrey, Esq. the payment of from $5000 to 10,000. on which there was no insurance.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE—SIX HOUSES BURNT TO DEATH —On Saturday night a frame stable and carriage house, in Washington, D. C. was set on fire by a Mr. Furey, in the First Ward, was discovered to be on fire, and to rapid were the flames, which communicated to the house of Mr. Hall and the building of Mr. Hall occupied and six valuable horses burnt to death, and two buckboard carriages destroyed. Loss estimated at between $5000 and $6000, and the fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

AJ LUCKY FELLOW.—The Exeter News Letter states that the man employed in the powder mill at that place, who left it a short time before the explosion, was employed in a powder mill about a dozen years ago, and of twenty men then employed he was the only survivor. Most of his companions have perished in explosions, and this is not the first or the second time he has escaped almost as by miracle.

SHOT HIS ACCOUNTABLES.—In New York on Monday, a man named John Quay, who occupies grocery, has lately come into possession, and shooting from the second story window of his house shot a negro man, lately a waiter of the African Church, in his side while he was passing the house, and then ran into the church opposite—Camp immediately gave himself up to the hands of the police. The negro man was taken to the Hospital.

FIRE AND EXPLOSION.—The Franklin Republican of the 22d states that a fire occurred in Auterville Pennsylvania, on the previous evening, which destroyed the post office and Mr. Nettleton's store. About 12 o'clock, the people were awakened by an explosion of gunpowder, which was found to proceed from the store of Mr. Charles Nettleton. It was filled in with stone and the mere shock split the roof full in.

The letters says the writer had all been opened, and drafts checks, notes, &c. extracted therefrom, as many of the letters themselves could then safely be continued each. Among them was one directed to Col R. M. Johnson, from Alabama. There were also letters from Gen. Jackson to Col. Johnson

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
The Midnight Revelers of Venice.

Come hasten with me 'mouth the moon's pale light,
When the human ear shrinks acutely;
When the stars are out on pass and height,
And our songs are ringing clearly—
Then come with me to our grass-wood home,
And blythe shall thy welcome be—
True, wild is our march as we clambour roam
'Mouth the shade of the forest tree.

In our fairy banquet we will fasten glide,
When the winds are typing forlorn—
And list to the hymns of the Nymphs of the Sea,
When the sea is breaking gloomily—
Our path shall it be the deep blue vast,—
The sea nymphs home in its depth abide
It will cheer the all if they'd ride with me
To their realms of time in my fairy car.

My steeds fair with their golden hair,
Shall toil like the tides of our merry chime—
And far in the depths of the perfumed air,
Among in the bearing tide, to mount the foaming
Then the star-gem's waltz of our palace halls,
The rosy wreaths of our home are hung—
And each their time-voice with music fills
In our bowers of glee when our songs are sung.

We know no care to our land so fair,
The tenth of spring-time's laughing hours—
And happy ones are mingling them,
In their golden time of joy and bowers;
Sweet sighing winds their incense bring,
And the gladsome song lends warble time,
While the spirit of peace her mantle flings
O'er all that come our revels to grace.

Let that happy home we will carelessness roam,
And quaff of the cup of fairy bliss,
While rich mirth is free as the waves's foam,
And pure as the virgin's bosom's kiss—
At the vesper hour on the sea-mark'd strand,
We will bid to the home of the ocean's deep,
Or make the song of a sister land.

At day's ends the waves from their cradle deep,
Then come with us—then best naught to fear,
Come rove with us by the flower-dark's stream,
And music imbued by the still earth's song,
Shall float o'er the line in a vessel's dream,
Our skies are light with their pure fair light,
And sweet is the breath of the dewy morn—
Then come to the dance with the fairy spirit,
Come laugh all the world's sad cares to scorn.

Philadelphia, 1840. R. H.

NIAGARA FALLS.—[Extracts from the Guide Book of Niagara Falls.]—Ideas suggested by a view of the most stupendous, sublime, and magnificent wonder of the world. Aug. 26, 1840.

The waters of Niagara,
The wonderous how they go,
A rendering from the rocks above
Down to the rocks below.

They've run this way for many a day,
And now to start the scene.
The sightseer must look at a change
To run them up the stream!

The following is the conclusion of half a dozen verses, treating the sublime spectacle in the same whimsical manner:

And then what clouds of spray
Raise my weakened sight,
And then a sight of day
Bring rainbows out of white.
Well might poor wits these marks but note
"Mem.—What a place to sponge a coat."

And then, Oh! what a waste
Of water power at here!
"I would move ten water wheels
And run them turning the year!
Well might the Yankee say, "Be still!
Oh, what a place to build a mill!"

July 8, 1835. A. U. S.

YANKEE FEELER.—A clever trick was played by a yankee peddar upon one of the captains of a steamboat running from New York to Albany, on the Hudson river. The Yankee was fully aware of the custom of putting persons on shore who attempted to gain a passage for nothing, and his intention was to a place called Peugh keepsie, about half way between New York and Albany. He therefore waited very quietly until he was within sight of Poughkeepsie, and then went up to the captain. "Well, captain, like to do things on the square, that's a fact; I might have gone to Albany and come up in the whole way to Albany—and to Albany I must go; ere particular business that's a fact; but I thought it were honester like to tell you at once, for I have'nt a cent in my pocket; I have been unfortunate; but by the 'larnal, I'll pay you money as soon as I get it. You see I tell now, that you may'nt say that I cheat; for pay you I will, that's a fact." The captain, indignant, no vessel, at being tricked, called him certain names, was a small passing, and so he arrived at Poughkeepsie, as a punishment put him ashore at the very place the keen yankee wished to be landed.

A PICTURE.—A fair young girl is leaning pensively on the casement, gazing, with thoughtful brow, upon the scene below. The bloom of fifteen summers tints her soft cheeks, the sweets of sixteen flowers are gathered upon her rosy full lips, the curls cling to a spotless brow, and fall upon a neck of perfect grace, the soft swimming dove's eyes are lighted by the tenderest fire of poetry, and beauty hovers over her, as her own most favored child. What are her thoughts? Love cannot sit a bosom so young, sorrow cannot yet have touched a spirit so pure. Innocence itself seems to have chosen her for its own. Alas! has disappointment touched that youthful heart? Yes, it must be so; but hist! she starts—her bosom heaves—her eye brightens—her lips part—she speaks—listen.—"Pa, you nasty fool! quit scratching *pap's* back, or *I'll* bill *mar!*"

EMILIUS AND AMERICAN RUINS.—By J. Smith one of the authors of Rejected Addresses.

"In England ruins all are stolen—
For instance, Fairy Thrush!
Whenever on Columbus sails,
Finds them no mention or classes.

"Yes, blame the author as presides,
Aristotle I know!
And Mrs. Gupp rolls her tides,
Responsive to Mem thereto."

ELOQUENCE.—The following " touch of the sublime" was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:

"Your honors acts high upon the adorable seat of justice like the American Eagle perched upon the Aussic Rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal streams of Justice, like the undecreous clods of the valley flow meandering at your retended feet."

Reply—

"You, you're the bug of God I know,
And I know many a footon of!
"That may be; but your saying so
Proves that you do not know yourself."

TOP LOADER.—If it wasn't for the clothes and eating, I don't see the use of gold or paper currency. Every body's asked to drink as often as he's dry, and more times than he needs it particularly about dinner time. I hope a stick and talleys down the wing and democratic drinks I have took; and as' tention I vote for them what's been most liberal.

PUNAISE.—A person named Owen Moore once left his tenement somewhat unceremoniously, in which occasion a wag wrote,

"Owen Moore has run away,
Gone! more than he can pay!"

PHILOSOPHY.—He, says Dr. Johnson, that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with this exclamation: "How many things are here which I do not want."

A TAX WE.—The *Mayor* also tried last evening, that he had seen a new species of ass in Boston.

"Ah," enquired an entomologist, "was it one of the Tarsus genus?"

"No," said the *Mayor*, "it was a *Gi ant.*"

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—Small potatoes are now beautifully de-signated as "*Arte ole Vegetable.*"

From the New Orleans Picayune.
Remarkable Instance of Instinct.

When half a century shall have rolled away, no wonder an humble prediction that fashionable visitors from the North and East will seek the Lake of Pontchartrain and the Bay of Pascagoula, as places rendered classic by natural advantage and the interest of tradition.—Town Talk.

"Come,
Out of the sea, and with her fifth fed 25.
Bring your fish to market this everlasting verdure."

An shore of Cytheron showed not a either beach of sand, a greener coverings of grass, tree and bush, fairer flowers, or sweeter perfumes than the little rural retreats of Pascagoula. Without pilgrim's staff, "sandal shoon," or a long orange tawny mantle, a journey of one half a day's journey from New Orleans—exists a little village unknown locality, where may be found enchantments of the Grecian Isles, the loftiest aims of he sunny South play here through the orange and myrtle groves, and sometimes from the far half the fresh breeze comes, bathing the glassy surface of the bay into a vast region of snow capped waves. Then is the time to bathe, to lounge in the bowering isle, to mount the foaming steed, and ride upon the white crested breakers of the sea; or to sail about the low green islands, covered with tall grass and clustering myrtle, while Neptune's nymphs spring over and flings his watery diamonds in your face.

The story told of a wild and singular melody floating about the bay of Pascagoula, entranced, and though it is sufficiently fanciful and romantic to be rejected as a superstition, it is, nevertheless, entitled to credence. The Choctaw Legends, about a mile from Field's Hotel, there are still some signs left of an old Indian fort, which fort had existence at the time of such a white man stepped upon the soil. It was built of mud and shells, and not many years ago, when curiosity led to excavations being made, large human bones, ornamental shells, utensils, were dug up from the interior. A skeleton of gigantic dimensions was discovered, as related by Bernard, in his Travels, Register, but he does not mention what became of the bones. Such a skeleton would be a most extraordinary and valuable curiosity if in existence at this day. On and near the water at this place the mysterious music is frequently heard, and in night and day, when on the water with ten are alarmed and silence reigns on the water. This has given rise to the poetical superstition that the mournful melody is a perpetual echo of the death song of the Indians; for it is related that a tribe called the Biloxi were here beset by numerous enemies, besieged in the fort, and, finding such inevitable destruction awaiting them, and unable by their fate, the men raided their arms, the women pressed their children to their breasts, and the whole band marched out to the bay singing their death song, and were drowned.

At West Pascagoula, near to McRae's Hotel, and at the mouth of the river and the bay, the sound is often heard. Few have resided even a short period in the neighborhood without hearing the mysterious music. It resembles a loud musical horn of soft large in effect, swelling and receding like the fairy voices of the Æolian. It is heard in the bathing houses, and here its most singular peculiarity is discoverable, for by placing your finger on a post a vibration is distinctly felt trembling upward from the water. Many believe the sound is produced by some strange fish, others endeavor to account for it by the supposition of subterranean currents of water, but perhaps the most plausible suggestion that can be made is that the flowing of Pascagoula river into the bay, over the sand shoals which among the shells, and produces the mystic song. It is seldom that you can determine upon any quarter from whence the sound proceeds, as if it were at one moment close at your ear, at the water, now distant and then near, now fading away so imperceptibly that you question your hearing as to whether it has ceased, and then suddenly, and almost fancy the whole a balancination, then swelling back to you again, removing at intervals all doubt as to its reality, and you are pleased and wondering surprise. Another singularity about it is that by striking any object near, as the post, and pressing the ear close to it, or better, you cause the sound to cease for several moments, when it comes again like something of life that had been startled, and the song continues.

The Royal Academy.

The germ of the Royal Academy was a private club of artists, who used to meet together at the Hogarth and several other distinguished men were members of it. Reynolds and West, having come to the King, represented to him the importance of aiding it by royal patronage, and he promptly told them to take what measures they thought proper, promising to defray the expences out of his private purse. Subsequently the Academy had apartments given it in Somerset house, and became able to support itself by its exhibitions. It was at first intended merely to establish a school, and a periodical fair, for the purpose of selling works of art—but as artists increased in number and talent, membership became an honor. Having, then, the means of educating artists, and a respectable place in which to expose their works for sale, the art depended for support on the patronage of wealthy individuals; and it has constantly received a considerable amount from this source. How much this adventitious fund the department of sculpture and painting may be inferred, from subsequent attempts of the artists, the academicians included, to obtain a national patronage from the parliament,—from the attempt of several distinguished artists to introduce pictures into churches at their own expense,—from the exhibition by the nobility and gentry, of the British Institution,—from the establishment of the Society of British Artists, on the old and new sources of Painters in Water Colors, and several other societies and clubs,—and from the fact, acknowledged by the artists themselves, that they are not yet receiving, in short, wealthy as the English are, they will not pay for great works, and their patronage tends only to encourage landscapes, and those lively rather than sublime. Then again, the artists display great skill, but which rank in art as epigrams rank in poetry.

Such is the English Academy in its effects. Though it is the best school ever founded, abounding in talent, patronised by the wealthiest aristocracy in the world; assisted in the form of civilization, leisure, opulence, and even taste; it has failed to advance the arts one step. I have heard many an English artist remark about that the arts had made no advance whatever since the establishment of the academy; and that Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, and others, are not only unsurpassed, but unrivalled, by their successors. The number has increased; the mass become more expert—more quiet in the mechanism of painting; but the best artists, like soldiers unemployed, uncarnised, not only fail to increase their powers—offer exhausting their funds in a few ambitious efforts, but, in the drudgery of earning a livelihood, they lose the discipline acquired in the school.

But if the Royal Academy, in the country for which it was designed, so different in many important points from ours, does not work well, how will it succeed here? Will our comparative poverty, our unremitting devotion to business, and our unlimited population, render it more effective here than there? Will our conquering democracy, unrecognising